



# MAGAZINE

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FRONT COVER: "In Harbour,"  
by Alex Fulton, Nobel Division

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## CHINA REVISITED

By P. R. Sandars

(Head Office)

As a member of the British trade delegation Sandars travelled far into China. Here are million people—one-fifth of the population of

which visited Peking last autumn Mr. P. R. Sandars travelled far into China. Here are million people—one-fifth of the population of

I NEVER thought I should celebrate my birthday in November 1954 by climbing up the Great Wall of China, but so it happened. We had driven northward some fifty miles from Peking—the last few miles rising steeply up a narrow and rocky pass—and there was the Wall, twisting over the steep mountains and valleys like a snake; or like one of the fierce, contorted dragons of China's own art and sculpture.

Its building, they say, was begun in the year 221 B.C. by the Emperor Ch'ing Shih Huang Ti, and when completed it ran for some 1400 miles, from the coast of the China Sea at Shantung almost to the borders of Tibet. It is said that a million men perished in its construction. Certainly it is one of the most astonishing of man's works. Built for defence against the Mongol hordes, it eschews the easy ways and runs up and down the most precipitous slopes. It is some twenty-two feet wide and twenty feet high, with many staircases built in from the Chinese side, but only a sheer wall, lined with emplacements for bowmen, facing the invaders. Every hundred yards or so there is a guard-house like a small castle built on to the wall. We climbed up a steep half-mile of the wall to one of these strong-points and looked outwards over the mountainous countryside, as did the Chinese defenders two thousand years ago.

I had been sent by I.C.I. as one of its representatives with a party of British businessmen who visited Peking at the invitation of the Chinese trade authorities to discuss with them how best to improve and increase our mutual trade, within the limits set by the

United Nations' ban on the shipment of strategic goods. It was a strenuous experience, but one I would not have missed "for all the tea in China."

We left London Airport on a rainy Wednesday in November and reached the pleasant sunshine of Hong Kong in time for tea on Friday. There we were joined by representatives of Hong Kong firms (including Jack Cheetham of I.C.I. (China), a dyestuffs expert), and at midday on 17th November took the train from Kowloon to the frontier post at Shum-chun, a railway bridge some twenty miles north of the island of Hong Kong, where the Union Jack and the starred red flag of China fly a few yards apart and smart Chinese sentries of the Hong Kong Police face equally smart Chinese sentries of the communist People's Liberation Army—both with tommy guns at the ready.

Our coming was, of course, expected; our visas were in order, and we and our luggage were passed through the formalities with a minimum of delay. After our first meal on Chinese soil—an excellent lunch of Chinese food—we went on to stay the night in Canton, where we were met and entertained by the local branch of our hosts, the China National Import and Export Corporation.

From there we travelled almost the length of China by train to Peking, a journey of three days and two nights, at first through the mountains and ravines of Kwangtung, and then through the great Hunan "rice-bowl" with its countless miles of carefully levelled paddy fields. At Wuchang, where we

crossed the broad Yangtze River by launch in the early morning, we were again met by representatives of C.N.I.E.C., who had arranged resting rooms, baths and breakfast for us in Hankow on the northern bank, while our sleeper coaches were specially ferried across to join the northern train. We were also taken to see the tremendous new dyke, 85 miles long and 15 to 20 feet high, being built to replace the emergency earthworks which were thrown up last summer to save the city from the highest flood level ever recorded.

## Changing Chinese Landscape

Northwards from Hankow at first the railway was almost surrounded by water, and we saw fishermen at work with many strange and ingenious forms of net, and some who used no nets at all but employed trained cormorants to dive for the fish, which they then disgorged in their masters' boats. Then we came to more rice-fields and later to many miles of wheat and cotton, of which China's production has greatly increased. On this stretch of the journey we began to be impressed with the tremendous amount of new building completed and in progress. Everywhere the farmers had made neat piles of mud bricks which were first sun-dried in the fields and then fired in primitive but effective kilns built of earth and of the bricks themselves. These kilns and their results in new buildings, living quarters and factories were to be seen all through Hopei Province.

## Cleaner Peking

So to Peking, the famous walled capital, with its golden-tiled "Forbidden City," the ancient fortress palace of the Emperors (now for many years a showplace in which one could wander happily for days); its grey streets full of blue-clad people; its Temple of Heaven with the heavenly blue roof; its pedicabs and trams and donkey-drawn carts; its fascinating market alleys and its big new government buildings. It is a city much changed since I visited it in 1948. Cleaner by far, though the meat is still carried through the streets on the back of open tricycles; the streets more crowded, for the population has doubled; less colourful, since almost every man and woman goes about in the same drab uniform of dark blue cotton coat and trousers. Most striking perhaps is the immense amount of new building, completed and in progress, much of it excellently blended to the older style, some not so satisfying in design.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA—a picture taken by the author in a snowstorm last November. Twenty-two feet wide and twenty feet high, the wall is supposed to have been begun in the year 221 B.C. and when completed ran for some 1400 miles from the coast of the China Sea almost to the borders of Tibet.

One would have liked to wander at leisure, absorbing new impressions and recapturing old. But we had work to do, and our opportunities for sightseeing were limited. Our hosts, the C.N.I.E.C., having dined us on arrival with true Chinese hospitality, must have spent the rest of the night organising our schedule so that each of us, with our multifarious interests, could meet our opposite numbers without overlapping, and they had us hard at work the next day. No people are more hospitable than the Chinese, and none can bargain harder; the tempo grew faster as the days passed, the cables between Peking, London and Hong Kong grew busier, and the pressure of negotiation continued until almost the moment of our departure. In our own case we signed the final contracts for I.C.I. in our hotel bedroom after midnight, only five hours before our train left.

We returned, again by train, through Tientsin, a

large industrial town and centre of the carpet industry, across the Yangtze by train ferry from Pukow to Nanking and thence to Shanghai, now almost bereft of the great foreign commercial community that gave it birth and growth. There we were most hospitably received by Mr. W. C. Bowling, a director of I.C.I. (China) and manager of the I.C.I. (China) office which is still there to keep contact with the government and other buyers of I.C.I. goods, and we were again entertained by the local branch of C.N.I.E.C. and representatives of other trading bodies. The Shanghai area, like much of the lower Yangtze basin, has had unprecedentedly high rainfall this year, and it did not stop at all during our 42-hour visit.

Leaving Shanghai, the next twenty-four hours of our onward trek took us south and west through sodden fields under a dispiriting grey sky; but still, as everywhere, the cultivation was as clean and neat as

only the Chinese farmer can make it, with no inch wasted except the many grave mounds.

Then we rejoined our original route, climbed over the hills of northern Kwangtung and returned through the lovely gorges of the North River to Canton, where again we were met and entertained by the local branch of the C.N.I.E.C., with whom next day we were able to have a useful talk about business between them and our Hong Kong office. We also asked and were taken to see one of the local dyeworks, which was busily engaged in turning out the inevitable blue cloth.

### *Journey's End*

Next day we left early for the comfortable but rather tedious journey (seventeen stops in 4½ hours) back to the frontier at Shumchun. Punctually at 12.20 the train slowed down for the last time, and we looked out of the window to see the Union Jack flying high on a hill about a quarter of a mile away. For all the courtesy and interest we had enjoyed during our visit it was a pleasant sight at our journey's end.

We had our final meal on Chinese soil while our passports were checked, our money was changed and our baggage was passed through customs; then walked back along the quarter-mile of railway track, through the barriers with the smart sentries, and on to the bridge, where Mr. C. B. Cook, chairman of I.C.I. (China), and other friends were awaiting us.

### *Some Conclusions*

What conclusions can one draw from our visit? It is borne in upon one at every point that China is a country of unlimited manpower, and that their new government has set them to work with a will and a purpose. Firstly, restoration of railways and other communications, the prime essential for this co-ordinated effort, was given high priority and has been successfully achieved within the limits of the equipment available, much of which is old and out of date.

Secondly, a vast programme of building—of factories, barracks, grain stores, schools, universities, government offices and housing—is in full swing. This, like the tremendous work of restoring and improving the river dykes and other means of controlling the unruly rivers, is largely being accomplished by sheer weight of manpower, since mechanical equipment is in very short supply.

Thirdly, great efforts are being made to spread education, and especially technical education. As a

first essential the government is actively pressing forward the teaching of Kuo Yu, a simplified form of Mandarin, so that all China will have a common spoken, as well as written, language; and many hundreds of thousands who have never been able to read are now learning to do so. As an aid to this, and perhaps to kill two birds with one stone, simple propaganda picture books like comic strips, with easily read legends, are available in all trains and in such places as waiting rooms, and their message is backed up by almost non-stop loudspeakers on the railways and in many streets.

Fourthly, there are plenty of men and women left over for the armed forces and police, and great numbers are to be seen everywhere in service uniform, well turned out and disciplined.

What has been achieved has had to be done the hard way, and there is little doubt that it has brought great hardship to many. Equally there is no doubt that further hardships will be accepted if the programmes of the People's Government so demand.

### *Shortage of Export Goods*

We found evidence of a strong desire to develop and improve trade with Western countries, from which alone (by direct or indirect routes) China can hope to get adequate supplies of the goods she needs for the developments she plans. The Chinese naturally view the U.N. embargo with disfavour as a limiting factor on mutual trade, but they meticulously avoided any attempt during our visit to persuade us to supply them with goods on the prohibited list. The main limitation on trade with China, however, is not the embargo, but her shortage of the means to pay for what she wants to buy. If trade is to develop to mutual advantage the first essential, I am sure, is an intensive drive by the Chinese to make available at attractive prices more of the export goods which the world can take from China and to offer these through the world's most efficient produce-marketing facilities, including those of Britain and Hong Kong. It was pleasing to hear from our merchant colleagues that the Chinese were taking steps to do this.

With the sterling earned from increasing exports China will be able to shop on a growing scale for what she needs throughout Britain, the Commonwealth and Europe. We in I.C.I., who have a history of more than fifty years of trading with China, have no doubt that we shall be able to supply our full share of these increasing needs.

# BISCUIT SORTER

COMMON sense told me that Connie Smith's job had nothing to do with ginger-nuts or cream crackers. When I saw her at work, however, I realised that the picturesque title was singularly apt. All around her were marshalled trays of small pastry-coloured articles, some of them simple rings and oblongs, some as intricately shaped and patterned as the best-quality "teatime assortment." At narrow tables, girls with immaculately clean hands rifled deftly through the contents of the trays, and to complete the picture one of Connie's colleagues stood near a scale, tipping her fragile wares in and out of a large pan and noting the weight.

Connie explained that the "biscuits" were low-tension insulators and components for, among other things, electric light switches, radio and television sets, and radar and telephone equipment (I was quite pleased when some of the simpler shapes identified themselves as lamp-holders, heater elements, gas mantle rings and gas burner nozzles). The job of the Biscuit Sorting Department was to check the components for quality—in other words, to sort out and discard those which were even slightly imperfect. They handled several thousand different components, and upwards of a hundred varieties might be on hand at any one time, ranging in size from insulating beads  $\frac{1}{8}$  in. long to induction coil formers weighing several pounds.

The term "biscuit" is used in the pottery trade to describe shaped articles which have been fired in a kiln but not glazed, so it was natural enough that Steatite and Porcelain Products Ltd.—I.C.I.'s only potters—should adopt it. "Of course," Connie added hastily, "everything that comes in here is not scheduled for glazing. Some of the components are wanted just as they are, so when we've sorted them they go straight to the packers. Some rather special ones go to the Grinding Department for precision finishing and others after glazing to the Metalising Department, where a metal coat is painted on."

Even with my limited knowledge I can understand that electrical components must be sound and reliable, so I was not altogether surprised to hear that the biscuit sorter needs about two months' training and practice to learn the work thoroughly. Connie is a checker, which means that she not only has the job at her own finger ends but also

helps to train other girls—there are usually about eight altogether—and to check the work they do. Moving from one table to another, she pointed out the different tests and explored boxes of rejects to find illustrations of minute imperfections. "The standards we work to are very high. Every single item is carefully examined to make sure there are no chips or iron spots." (Here she indicated a stain of pin-point dimensions.) "Sometimes it may happen that over-firing has caused warping or blisters—we would not pass either. Then there are the various types of gauging, to check size or diameter, and the water test which shows up leaks—see the bubbles?"

She led me over to the scales and explained that they were used to weigh rejected components. These were all sorted into groups according to the reason for failure, so that there was a clear indication of the stage at which quality was impaired. Connie said that during her nine years with S. & P.P. she had worked in several departments, so was quite familiar with earlier processes. Everything made at Stourport, from the tiny beads to huge insulators weighing several hundredweight, was produced from various mixtures of soapstone, felspar, sand and clay. After a preliminary crushing, materials are weighed out in correct proportions into ball mills; water is added, and the ingredients are then ground to a cream-like mixture. From there the material goes to filter presses which remove most of the water, leaving flat cakes of material very like plasticine in appearance and "handle."

What happens then depends on the product. High-tension insulators are produced by an ingenious combination of traditional and modern pottery techniques. Our small friends, the low-tension components, however, are admirable subjects for mass production, and S. & P.P. have taken full advantage of the possibilities. They are made in two ways—either by extrusion, when plastic material is forced through dies of the right shape and later cut into innumerable equal slices, or by pressing.

For my part, the next time I use the telephone, or switch on the radio or an electric fire, I shall certainly remember Miss Connie Smith and her fascinating if unappetising "cookies."

D.B.T.



*Connie Smith*

# Information Notes

## SIDELIGHTS ON A COMPANY SECRETARY'S WORK

*In every company, large or small, the Secretary occupies a key position. But even in I.C.I., with its highly organised breakdown of responsibilities, his duties are more widespread than is commonly supposed. Outside the secretarial work as such—namely conduct of formal relations with stockholders, duties as secretary to the Board of Directors, and acting as the Company's formal contact with the outside world—I.C.I. Secretary shoulders several responsibilities that are no one else's baby. Here is his own account of this side of his work.*

RECENTLY Mr. R. A. Lynex, I.C.I. Secretary, gave to the Society of Public Teachers of Law an address entitled "The Role of the Employed Lawyer in Industry." After outlining the work of a company secretary as such, he went on to talk of other duties which fall within his responsibility.

In a large company (he said) there is usually a wide field of operation for the free-lance administrator, who knows his organisation in detail, who is able to co-ordinate matters falling within the activities of more than one department, and who knows, on one hand, when the administrative machine can be short-circuited and, on the other, when established procedures must be followed.

The Secretary, with his central position and close contact with the Board, is in an advantageous position to do this general administrative work. Other departments have their particular responsibilities and terms of reference which govern the scope of their activities, but the Secretary should be prepared to advise on the proper handling of any question within the Company. In the last resort his duties, so far as administration is concerned, will cover (in addition to matters specifically allocated to him) all those matters for which no other department or person has been made formally responsible. Another duty which the Secretary undertakes in an organisation as big and complex as I.C.I. is to act as an information service and



... a wide field

advise people, both within and without the organisation, where the information which they are seeking can be found.

Then again, as the official mouthpiece of the Company, the Secretary settles many official letters and internal circulars, and his Department's experience and knowledge of drafting are constantly sought and drawn upon by central service departments. More than this, his and his Department's knowledge of how things should be done within the Company can be of great assistance to the specialists in other parts of the organisation.

Practices vary in different companies, but it is broadly true to say that the Secretary may not refuse to accept responsibility for any administrative work that does not logically fall within the scope of another department. Like Shakespeare's Autolycus, he must be "a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles"; and some of the unrelated activities which attach themselves to his Department may stay with him for ever, while others remain only until circumstances permit of their complete abandonment or their transfer to another part of the Company's organisation.

Within I.C.I., the work relating to the following miscellaneous matters has been placed in the charge of the Secretary:

Estates  
Legislation  
Central Registry (i.e. Head Office Filing Department)  
Charitable and other appeals  
Trade associations, learned societies and the like.

The charitable and other appeal work involves much correspondence and other paper work, and the drawing of deeds of covenant as well as the payment of donations. It will be understood that somewhere within its organisation the Company receives almost every appeal that is ever issued and that the giving away of Stockholders' money is

not such a simple matter as may at first sight appear; logical and fair plans and practices must be devised and operated throughout the whole organisation, and the making of each donation must of course fall within the powers of the Company itself.

Similarly, payments to and the maintenance of proper contacts with trade associations, learned societies and the like involve much careful administrative work, for the volume is considerable.

The Estates Department (which is in the charge of a solicitor) deals with all Head Office and many other properties, except Divisional ones; it advises the Divisions on all aspects of estate management and handles all Town and Country Planning applications and appeals and the like.

The Legislation Section (naturally enough, and indeed essentially, also in charge of a lawyer) examines all Parliamentary bills, whether public and general, or private and of a local character, to see whether any of these measures seem likely to affect the Company's interests. A watch is also kept on all forms of delegated legislation. Views are collected and co-ordinated, and appropriate action is taken to secure amendments necessary for the reasonable protection of industry in general and the Company in particular.

It would be easy to give a long list of good qualities which a Secretary should possess if he wishes to serve his Company faithfully and well. Many of those qualities

would, of course, be essential to successful service in other fields. No one person can combine them all.

Most of us who are in this kind of job (continued Mr. Lynex) must surely feel that in some of these qualities nature has endowed us all too sparingly; fortunately, however, in the unattainable but never-to-be-relinquished quest for perfection a spirited determination to profit by every experience can do a great deal to overcome natural shortcomings; and as in a sizable organisation most problems depend much on the lively concourse of several minds, one can to some extent choose one's immediate supporters for their possession of those qualities which may be lacking in oneself.

A Secretary must needs cultivate some restraint in speech and in writing—to say no more than the occasion calls for and to write no more than is needed; and as a recorder of the deliberations and decisions of others he must learn to listen attentively if misunderstandings and mistakes are to be avoided.

Further characteristics of a Secretary should comprise thoroughness and a passion for accuracy and essential detail, knowing (in dealing with others) when to insist on a point and when it can safely be waived in favour of one whose feelings or circumstances have some particular claim to consideration. This involves a judicious mixture of virility and gentleness, together with (in the words of a one-time president of the Law Society) "that rare and abstract quality grotesquely called common sense."

## FIFTEEN DAYS IN RUSSIA

By John Garnett (Salt Division)

*Visits to Russia are still rare enough to be news. Here are the impressions of an observant industrialist, reprinted from the last issue of "Grains of Salt."*

A WEEK before I came to Salt Division in December I was standing on the frozen sea at Leningrad and two days before that picking tangerines on the side of the Black Sea within a few miles of Turkey.

This entirely unexpected visit came about because twenty-five people connected with a cross-section of British youth organisations were invited by the Soviet authorities to visit the Soviet Union for three weeks.

We travelled by air; on the way out we had a night in Prague and on the way back a night in Warsaw. From Prague to Moscow we flew in a Soviet twin-engined plane and straightway moved into the utilitarian atmosphere that was apparent wherever we went. In Moscow our hosts met us, and we presented them with a list of a hundred things we wanted to see and do. By the time the whole party left everything had been covered except a visit east of the Urals.

We visited housing, six factories, a collective farm, schools, three universities, the headquarters of the trade unions and the Co-operatives, the Baptist church in Moscow, two Orthodox churches, a hospital, the ballet and the opera.

All but one of the six interpreters attached to us were under 26. Four of them were students at the Moscow Institute of Foreign Languages and three of them had visited England in 1954. Ura collected British sayings, but he liked best "he has had his chips." We taught Tania "If you were the only girl in the world," which she sang with her eyes full of tears. They came on expeditions and if invited would come with us alone, but otherwise we could, and often did, wander about alone asking people the way in French, German or English and sometimes developing a conversation.

The general impression was of Britain in wartime but

more so. The clothes looked warm in the snow but were very dreary. The dresses were never dyed brightly, and they fitted badly. We watched a woman buying a blouse on Sunday, which is the most popular shopping day. She first queued for an hour to get an assistant who showed her the stock—identically the same stock as at any other shop in the area—then waited for as long again to pay at the cash desk and to queue for the parcel. It did not seem to worry her, no doubt because she had not known any other way. At the time we were in Moscow shoppers were pleased that progress was such that for the first time they could buy 15 denier nylons.

We saw extensive building of houses and flats going on, but there are in Moscow great areas of old wooden buildings, some without plumbing at all and the nearest tap down the road. The new buildings are Victorian in decoration, with Christmas cake icing round the ceilings and heavy furnishings and furniture.

Taking into account the wages paid, clothing is much more expensive than in Britain, housing less expensive and food more expensive. There did not seem to be much butter about.

Those of us in the group who were in industry agreed that the people we saw in factories were working less hard than their opposite numbers in Britain. They were, however, doing a 48-hour week spread over six whole days. Women work three shifts, we were told, but overtime for anyone is forbidden by law.

The trade unions are organised on a Works basis so that a man working as an engineer in a textile factory is a member of the textile union while he is there. As they have no skilled tradesmen as such, one of the union's jobs is to train the workers year by year so that they are able to do more and more skilled work for a higher wage. This means that there is no difficulty in one man doing another's job, but the standard of finish in houses and elsewhere seems to suffer.

Most factory jobs appeared to be on incentive, and bonus was paid above a certain target. The director of each works argued the level of each target with the union, and once it was agreed each man's target was posted up by him. Cranes lifting pieces of prefabricated buildings had on them in enormous numerals the number of lifts that the crane driver had to make every day to reach his target. I asked a cleaner in a bread factory how her bonus was arranged, and she said that the medical officer who visited the factory inspected her work and decided whether she could or could not have a 25% bonus for that period.

As we got to know our interpreters well we talked and argued with them freely about the régime. From them and others I gained the impression that the middle-aged people, who had seen their lot improve since 1917, actively supported and defended the régime. They did not seem to want to criticise their government, as we did

not want to in wartime. They realise that they are still behind the West in their living standards, and for them this is still an emergency.

Some of us spent a lot of our time talking to English-speaking students. They gave us a rather different impression and seemed to regard communism with about the same amount of enthusiasm as most of our parents and grandparents regarded the Church of England. They naturally

accepted communism and had attended their last monthly meeting, but except for two Communist Youth leaders I never found one person who had taken any part in their last meeting, nor did they recall any details of what had happened. They usually went off the subject and talked about university work, personal affairs or Spartak.

People seem to accept the Communist teaching that science disproves religion.

In spite of this, church going is allowed, but the government does all that it conveniently can to discourage religion.

Seven of us attended the only Baptist church in Moscow. One could not give a vivid enough description of the two-hour service with this pocket of people desperately hanging on to their beliefs. One of our group, a Manchester textile student, spoke to them of the kingship of God over all countries, including the U.S.S.R., and this perhaps brought them some encouragement. It seemed that here was a group most worthy of the prayers of all Christian people.

The hardest part of the visit was to keep any sense of proportion and to realise what we were not seeing. We also had to try not to be swept away by the hospitality and in particular the vodka. Some people in the group knew relatively little about Britain, and they were quickly swept away. After all, we visited a large number of quite different things, and one could make no valid judgment unless one knew something of the equivalent in Britain. But as a small example of what often happened, one of the group in a volunteered interview talked of the wonders of the Russian ballet and opera, and when we asked him afterwards he told us that he had never seen either ballet or opera in Britain.

That leads me to my main reflection on the brief visit. If invitations continue to come for educational visits (not conferences) to the Soviet Union, let us hope that our soundest people accept the responsibility of going and that they do not pass the invitations by and that others who are less representative do not take their places.



... the whole party left

## LINES YOU'LL NEVER GUESS

By Dorothy Thomas (Metals Division)

*Like the R.A.F., industry has a language all its own. Here are a few random thoughts suggested by browsing through one of the heavier technical industrial tomes.*

SEVERAL times a year I have a most distracting job to do. It consists of reading carefully through large, imposing volumes whose contents detail the occupations and products of certain industries. In other words, classified commercial and trade directories.

On the face of it, reading them sounds a dull enough occupation; but in fact a magic spell is cast as soon as I open the book. The contents are arranged in a variety of ways (adding to the excitement), but nothing will convince me that they are not compiled and edited by men of wit and imagination.

Having spent some years in the metal trade, I have grown used to essential workers being called binders, bottom pocket operators and other inelegant names. It is therefore not entirely a surprise to find that other trades and professions have similar idiosyncrasies. Some apply the blinding-by-science technique and refer to their products in such mouth-watering terms as interferometers, stroboscopes and galactogogues; at the other extreme, everyday articles are forthrightly described in such homely terms as grommets, dobbies, trammels and toggles. And as for the occupations—only Edward Lear could, I feel, do justice to such sober and respectable trades as wrinkling, coslettising and fellmongering.

The charm of these delicious words lies in the fact that they are unfamiliar. This does not mean, however, that my entertainment may be spoiled by a few well-intentioned explanations or translations. Fortunately there is a much larger group of words which I know perfectly well in other contexts, and it is in these realms that my imagination really flourishes.

Consider, for instance, how generously industrial terms reflect well-known national characteristics. A supplier of bars reminds me of one famous pastime, and it is encouraging to learn that (if I had the will and means) I could also buy chasers, drinking fountains and rumbling barrels; kindly manufacturers would, if the need arose, provide me with key extractors and portable balancing



... in the metal trade

equipment—though, to be sure, others threaten calamity with tilting tables (optical). Perhaps on the whole it would be wiser to invest in a pickling restrainer.

Our passionate love of animals creeps in, too. Dogs appear again and again, though always in some surprisingly humble capacity; horses, on the other hand, never suggest anything but power. One sees at once why grubs and worms are associated with screws and gears, and a reference to alligator cutters conjures up an immediate (if erroneous) mental picture. But caterpillar roller skates surely represent a contradiction in terms, and one wonders why any worker should want to wear a donkey jacket. And is the R.S.P.C.A. aware that one industry is responsible for punching bears?

An even more universal hobby is not, of course, neglected. Shy bachelors might easily find a use for a magnetic clutch or a clinching machine before working their way up to an electric siren. Those whom Cupid does not blind can call thankfully on the services of roundness-checking apparatus and the profile-turning lathe (or, in desperation, demand a face screen).

But industry, it would appear, is not wholly constructive. You may not know it, but it is possible to buy not only a collapsible tap, but the wherewithal to vent your rage on so aggravating an article; for future reference, it is called a broken tap disintegrator. There are men (even women, perhaps) who spend all their working lives making wrecking bars and upsetting machines, others whose speciality is bogies, thumb screws or nail pullers. No doubt in time they will rise to the top of their profession and become experts in universal vices.

Lest it should be thought for a moment that I have a frivolous mind, let me add that sometimes there are themes for quite serious consideration. No one, for instance, could see cause for mirth in a cycle spoke nipple blank cold forging machine. One visualises only with compassion people doomed to such fruitless activity as making (or using, for that matter) air dusters, fossil meal or hole saws. And, as a minor editor, I am horrified to find that there are writers mean enough to buy drafting machines.

There is no doubt about it. This occasional venture into other industries is a very disrupting influence which I must learn to master. Before I tackle it again I'll put in a requisition for some air cooling plant. Or, better still, buy myself a utility head (motorised).

# Garden Notes

By Philip Harvey

MARCH is—or should be—a very busy month for gardeners, and rose pruning is one of the most important tasks. In the past experts have tended to make this operation unnecessarily complicated and frightening to beginners. Latterly the inevitable reaction has set in and the elaborate ritual of former years dropped for a more simplified procedure.

Fashions come and go in gardening, as in nearly all human activities. If you are a little bewildered by exhortations to prune hard in March from one quarter and an equally firm insistence on little or no pruning in mid-winter from another source, there is no real need to worry. It is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules to suit every garden. I am still unable to make up my mind about the question of timing. The advocates of winter pruning argue that rose trees pruned in December or January eventually come into bloom a fortnight or so earlier than those pruned in March and, being more forward, suffer the minimum damage from spring frosts.

The adherents of the orthodox March pruning claim that trees cut back at this time go ahead rapidly, as it is then that the sap starts to rise. The foregoing is a very brief summary of the arguments on both sides. There can be no conclusive answer, for the excellent reason that no valid experimental evidence based on trials

carried out over a number of years is yet available. In a comparatively mild winter rose trees pruned in the New Year will experience little check. Where hard, prolonged frosts occur shortly after winter pruning, your roses may well die back temporarily.

Whether you prune in winter or during March, there is one important proviso which applies irrespective of light, medium or hard pruning. Cut away completely all diseased, weak, soft, damaged, sappy and unripe shoots—where necessary, right down to the base of the tree.

From long personal experience I can assure you that this removal of useless wood is by far the most important aspect of rose pruning. Weak and generally useless wood diverts energy from the remainder of the tree and rarely produces blooms of any consequence. The various markings and discolorations that are sometimes found on rose foliage during summer, as well as the different forms of die-back, occur chiefly on shoots of this type. Be quite ruthless, and you will eventually be rewarded by quality as well as quantity of bloom.

We now come to pruning proper, which is undertaken after all the useless wood has been cut right out.

Newly planted rose bushes and standards should be cut back fairly hard to about four eyes from the base. Climbers and ramblers may be reduced to about half their length,

but the climbing sports of bush roses like climbing *Etoile de Hollande*, climbing *Mrs. Sam McGredy* and so on are best left alone, otherwise they may revert to the bush form.

The reason for fairly hard pruning during the first season is that rose trees must establish a sound root system before supporting an extensive top growth. You are unlikely to go far wrong if you cut back on these lines, though it is possible to break this rule with some varieties. For example, I have left bushes of *Peace*, *Tallyho*, *Karl Herbst*, *Pink Spiral* and *Royalist*—all extra-vigorous growers—practically unpruned in their first year with excellent results.

Established rose trees are treated rather differently. The modern view is that hard pruning weakens the tree and automatically restricts the number of blooms. On the other hand, very light pruning may produce lanky, awkward-shaped plants with numerous mediocre blooms. My own practice with bushes and standard hybrid teas (having first removed the useless and worn-out growths) is to cut back the well-ripened lateral shoots of the previous summer to about half their length.

Hybrid polyanthas, or floribundas as they are now called (the well-known Frensham, Masquerade and the Poulsen group are typical examples), are perhaps a little more tricky. You do not want a plant composed of thin, feeble shoots and small clusters of

Illustrated by Miles Chance

# Pensioners' Party

By Norman Vigars

Every year around Christmas time pensioners at Witton enjoy the hospitality of Metals Division and gather together to eat, drink and exchange reminiscences. Here is a visitor's impression of this party, attended this year by over 500 pensioners between 55 and 91 years old.

WHEN I was asked to go along and get some impressions of the Witton Pensioners' Reunion, as it has come to be called, I had very mixed feelings. I was keen to go, because any story about people, young or old, is usually worth while. Yet I found myself worrying rather more than usual before the job.

In the train I began to think about some of the older people I know—retired folk from various

walks of life. A few are crashing bores; some quiet and timid, as though all the fire has gone out of them. Then I thought of the majority, who have matured to a mellow and peaceful state in spite of the many troubled years they have left behind them.

I was determined to avoid two pitfalls when meeting large bodies of older people: being patronising, and being over-sentimental, like a Sunday newspaper "sob sister."

I thought of myself, being in the early thirties, as at the point of no return. Still at home with the younger persons one meets at work and socially who suddenly bring home your age to you when they refer to being evacuated with their school at the beginning of the war. Then the men and women who are twenty years your senior, greeting you with "Hallo, young Vigars!"

When I walked into the hall where the early arrivals were handing over their coats and turning round to meet the first of their old friends, I realised how relative all this age business can be. Three gentlemen, all in their



THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT. Each pensioner at the party is given £1, contributed jointly by the Company and Kynoch Works Benevolent Fund.



OLD FRIENDS GET TOGETHER. Over a glass of beer reminiscences are exchanged between two former employees.

seventies, were looking towards the door where a man about 60 years of age had just come in. One of the trio came forward with hands outstretched and called "Here we are, boys, here's young Dodger; now we can all have a drink!"

The annual reunion has been a big event at the Kynoch Works of Metals Division for more than thirty years, and nowadays it brings in pensioners from four local factories and Division headquarters.

I am told that pensioners who come to the works to collect their money every week start talking about this

"do" months in advance, as far back as September. One man was so determined to be there this year that he left his home in Rhyl at 4 o'clock in the morning and was cheerfully facing the return journey of 106 miles when the party was over.

I realised that this highspot in their lives is made so for two reasons. One—they are not forgotten by the firm where they worked so long; two—they are not forgotten, each to the other, by the many friends they made in the past years. The excellent meal provided, the drinks, the gift of a pound note, the Kynoch



WATCHING THE CONCERT. *A feature of the reunion is a concert, provided this year by the Kynoch Orchestra.*

Orchestra playing, and the short entertainment—all these form the warm and pleasant background to the main business of the day. That business is to get together, and yarn and talk enough to last for many weeks to come.

This year's was the biggest-ever party. In spite of cold weather over 500 pensioners turned up, ranging in age from 55 to rising 91. There were another hundred or so works councillors and members of the present staff, who join in with the pensioners at the lunch, give a hand in opening the odd bottle, and generally make themselves useful in the high-speed clearing away of tables, getting chairs, and assisting the not so agile to their places.

It was a triumph for the Catering Department, who served, piping hot, a first-class "Christmas" meal with no delay and cleared away afterwards with the minimum of fuss. It was also a triumph for the group of people who had organised and executed the affair, led by Marjorie Davies, Edythe Terry and Leslie Pellow. Discreetly, behind the scenes throughout most of the proceedings, it was they, above all the others, who must have felt that their efforts were well worth while.

At the reception, with pensioners arriving in a

steady stream, the gift of money was made, and drinks were served while the guests sorted themselves out into little groups. Then in for the meal and speeches. Mr. T. G. Austin, as chairman, made the introductions, which included the Division chairman, Mr. C. E. Prosser, the joint managing director, Mr. M. J. S. Clapham, and two pensioner speakers, Mr. H. J. Eden, who had been a printer, and Mr. E. Noble, formerly in charge of the Pattern Shop. Mr. Noble was obviously touched and delighted to find his place at the table decorated with an attractively mounted model of the I.C.I. lion, for which he made the pattern many years ago.

In Mr. Eden we obviously had a character, judging from the ovation he received from past and present members of his own department. He referred to Lloyd George—that great statesman still obviously fresh in the minds of some of the listeners—and the birth of the Welfare State. He paid tribute to the Company that he had worked for, and the way they considered a man or woman after that work was finished. He felt that the early start made in pensions schemes by the Company had paved the way for the many reforms in industry which were now taken for granted. Then he drew the laughter with jokes about the "old



COMMUNITY SINGING. *Old-time favourites are sung every year with enthusiasm all round.*

days," some of which were obviously private printers' jokes.

Talking of characters, everyone there had a special affection for Mr. Samuel Nutt, one of Metals Division's oldest pensioners. As brisk and upright as a guardsman though well past his 90th birthday, Mr. Nutt obviously enjoyed every minute of it—and so did his daughter, there because she herself is a pensioner.

As I progressed, with the camera clicking its way along and myself listening to odd snatches of conversation, I felt much happier about the story as it took shape. By gentle eavesdropping I learned a lot. Hobbies were being taken up, clubs joined, books read, and meetings attended by people who now had the time for leisure.

I heard about a man who had always worked with metal and now found a secret joy in wood-carving. A young 60-year-old lady talked about her work in the W.V.S., much of it connected with helping people a good deal older than herself, and another commented "I don't know how I ever found time to come to work!"

Two serious characters discussed last year's disastrous summer and its effect on their allotments, like

farmers with a couple of hundred of acres apiece. And all the time there was such a handshaking and back-slapping and cries of "How's the missus?" or "Heard from the kids in America?"

Every branch and level of work is represented at these affairs. It was quite natural to see a one-time head of a department with one of his foremen and a couple of ex-workers in a real huddle together about old times. And the "family" element was well in evidence, too, with five pairs of sisters and three pairs of brothers among the pensioner guests.

Some old folk, bless them, ignored the orchestra playing after the meal and drifted into corners at the back of the hall to savour to the full this wealth of conversation. But there was still a gratifying "full house" to enjoy the music and to join, shyly at first, in the community singing which rounded off the concert.

All this quiet and happy getting-together made the day a very pleasant one for me, an onlooker. As they were leaving in the gathering darkness I felt a sense of belonging, when two old chaps playfully dug me in the ribs and made the traditional joke about all photographers: "Goodbye, son: hope we didn't break your camera!"

# CACTI

By Alan Findlay (Nobel Division)

Whimsical, beautiful, sometime grotesque, cactus plants exercise a strange but potent fascination. Their cultivation is a rewarding adventure of patience and care, culminating if the plants are healthy in flowers of great beauty every few years.

**C**ACTI grow well by the wayside in Bermuda. There, about forty years ago, I first saw the plants which now take up so much of my leisure. These cacti in Bermuda made an indelible impression on me, at that time an A.B. aboard H.M.S. *Berwick*.

I had then the usual curiosity about shapes and varieties, and the usual misconception that cacti thrive best in the most arid deserts, growing where rain never falls, recovering water from slight dews or sucking it from the very air itself. This, of course, is not so, because in the most arid regions cacti do not grow. They are natives, however, of some desert regions in Arizona and Mexico, and they have developed their curious shapes and characters so that they can make the best use of the small quantities of water they get.

Nowadays I am often asked how a man should start growing cacti. Beginners now have a much better chance than when I started. More is known about growing the plants, and today thousands of people have experience, whereas thirty years ago the experts could be numbered in hundreds. Even so, nearly every expert has private secrets which he does not readily share.

My own practices and advice are simple. Start off rearing cacti in a greenhouse if you have one; if you have not, small-scale experimenting can readily be done in your home. I buy my seeds from the National Cactus and Succulent Society, or I get them from friends. You can easily buy specialised varieties or mixed varieties from a reputable dealer at the cost of only a shilling or two.

Get a box which is 5 or 6 in. deep and about 2 ft.

square and fill it to a depth of 4 in. with horticultural peat soaked in water. Meanwhile get some 3 in. flowerpots and place  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. well-broken fragments of pot on the bottom to give a drainage layer. After that fill the pots with a soil mixture to within  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. of the top. The soil I prefer to use for seeds is a mixture of peat, sharp sand and loam in equal parts.

These filled pots should be allowed to rest in a tray filled with water so that the soil becomes damp but not sodden. The pots are then pressed into the moist peat in the box, and the outfit is now ready for the sowing of cactus seeds. This is a long job, needing patience, so sit down to it.

If your seed packets give a definite identity to the varieties it is ultimately a great saving of time to make out name tabs before sowing starts, because then each pot can be labelled and future difficulties of recognition eliminated before they happen. Should the chosen variety have large seeds, these should be thinly scattered and each seed gently pushed into the soil with a pencil. Many cactus seeds, however, are very small, and when this is so they should be sown by scattering on the surface. Thereafter soil is sprinkled over them to a depth of about  $\frac{1}{16}$  in.

A sheet of glass covered with a sheet of paper is then placed over the peat box in which the seed pots rest, and the box is stored near the hot-water boiler where it will get steady bottom heat. This process is best done towards the end of March.

When the seeds have germinated and the small plants are about  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. tall they should be carefully transplanted to larger pots fitted with similar drainage system but charged with an improved soil, containing less peat and more loam, with one-third sharp sand.



MAMMILLARIA MICROCARPA. A cactus which grows wild in Mexico, Texas and Arizona. Under the right conditions it will flower almost every year.

At this stage, however, do not throw away the sowing pots or disturb them, because some of the cactus seeds will probably germinate and become healthy seedlings next year. Do not move your seedlings far from the source of heat, and watch them carefully for the following year. When they are at the very soft, succulent stage of growth, mice and slugs like nothing better.

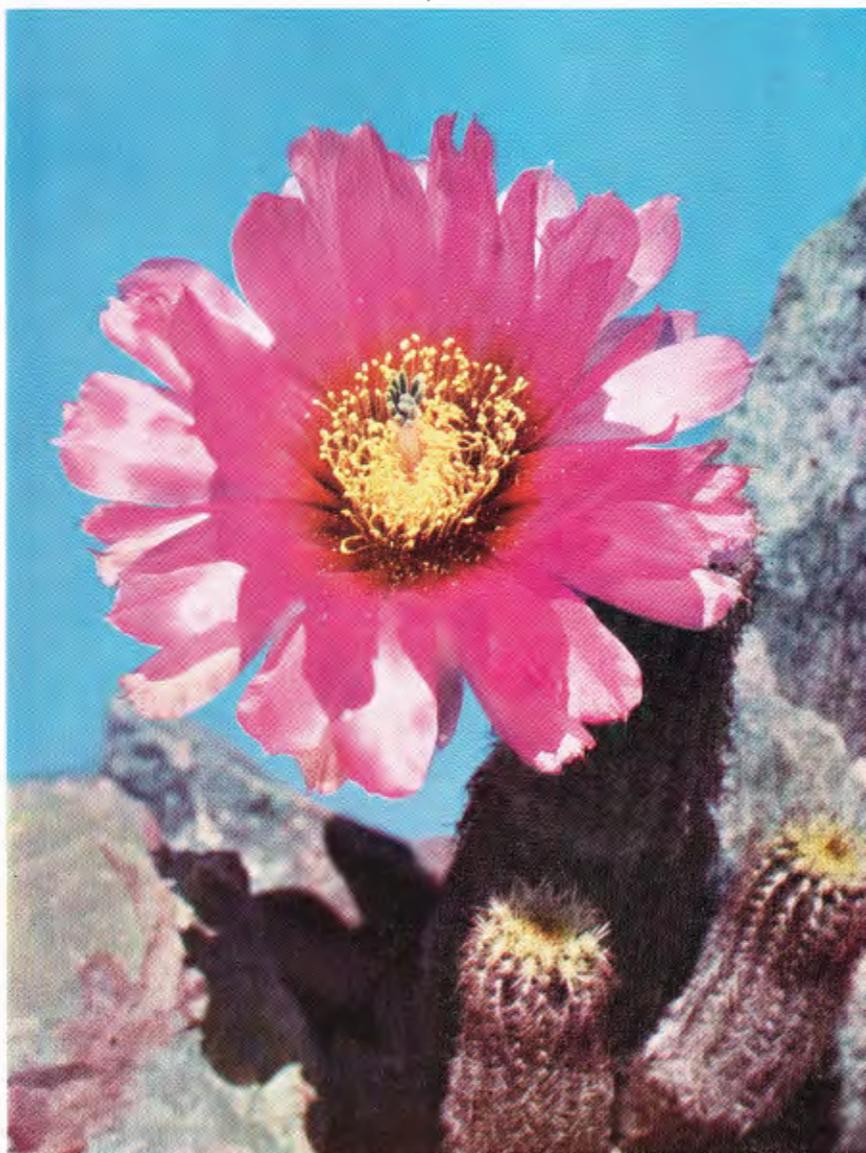
In the fourth year of growth the cacti can be considered as seedlings no longer, but are now rapidly maturing plants at the threshold of a long life. A healthy cactus will, with luck and good management, give very lasting pleasure to its owner, because its expectation of life is great. Indeed, some cacti growing wild in the Mexican deserts and high Andes valleys are estimated to be 200-300 years old.

And this brings an important point to my mind. In growing cacti and succulents, a little neglect is not a bad thing. These plants have evolved so that they can thrive in situations of some difficulty, and even in domestic cultivation they are much likelier to remain healthy with too little attention and too little water than with too much of both.

At this stage of growing your pleasure will be enriched. The strange shapes of these rounded, elegant pincushions called mammillaria are preferred by some, myself included, while others are devoted to the slightly comical opuntia with its growths like rabbits' ears.

All cacti, when well attended, will flower, although that does not happen every year. Some of the flowers are large and intensely brilliant in colour; some are almost inconspicuously small, yet of the most delicate hues. Once they flower they will also fruit, and some of the berries, I have been told, are edible, although I have never tried this savoury delight.

Cactus flowers, generally speaking, pass quickly yet are of great beauty while they last. Some do not



ECHINOCEREUS PECTINATUS (REICHENBACHII). A native of Mexico, with one of the most beautiful of all cactus blooms.

flower during the heat of the day but come out only at night. Among the brilliant colours displayed are deep reds, and all sorts of delicate hues of pink, brown, yellow and blue. Sometimes a cactus plant will be completely concealed by the large blooms which spread and cover the edges of the flowerpot. In other varieties the bloom is delicate and small, rather like the willow herb.

Perhaps the best advice of all that I can give to you is this. Join the National Cactus and Succulent Society, for which the annual subscription is £1. In return you will get the monthly magazine, which contains much advice for beginners, and a seed service, which cuts the costs of growing.

## I.C.I. NEWS

### MR. ZEALLEY RETIRES

MR. A. T. S. Zealley has retired from the Board of I.C.I.

Mr. Zealley joined Brunner, Mond & Co. in 1920 and four years later became first process manager at Billingham. He was appointed general works manager in 1928, managing director in 1934, and chairman of the Division in 1945—a position he held until his appointment to the I.C.I. Board in 1951.

Dr. Alexander Fleck, Chairman of I.C.I., writes

I always remember the first time I came into close contact with Mr. Zealley.

It would be about 1928, and I had but recently started work in Billingham to plan the series of general chemical operations which are now known as Cassel Works. I had come from a small works in Wallsend, where the whole complement was about a total of 250 people only, and where everybody knew everybody else and also knew what was the job of "old Smith" or "young George," as the case might be. But Billingham was different—very different—with its multitude of departments and sections and groups and other features of an organisation which no doubt were necessary but to a newcomer appeared somewhat overwhelming.

To meet this rapidly approaching sense of being caught up in a tide without any secure hold on simple rules I approached an earlier friend who had had experience of Billingham's methods, and his reply was sympathetic: "Yes, I well understand. What you want to do is to go and have a talk with old Zealley—he's good at explaining

what it's all about and the reasons why they do it." And so I went to "old Zealley"—then rejoicing in all the seniority of being 36 years old (and in those days there were few of that age working on the Billingham staff—youth was at the helm, and they had made up their mind to go places).

From that time onwards I have been aware how much the Company in general and how many individuals in particular are indebted to Mr. Zealley for his never-failing understanding of difficulties being experienced by individuals as well as by groups of people, and his appreciation of personal problems that require help and guidance.

It is that aspect of his work on which I would principally base this tribute to him which I am glad to contribute to the Magazine. We see the characteristic of understanding which has turned up in many places and at many times throughout the thirty-five years he has been with I.C.I. and its predecessors in title. That

is the basis for his thorough interest in all matters concerned with the conditions of service of all types of people in I.C.I.—the factory payroll worker, the specialist who is brought into I.C.I. at a high level, the young man direct from the university and the long service man about to go on pension.

For twenty-five years he was a member of the Billingham Urban District Council—in fact he was a founder member—further evidence of his concern for the well-being of his immediate neighbours. His term on the Durham County Council was not of long duration, but I



know he earned much respect from all "parties" in that body for his independence of thought and for his objective approach to the many questions which they had to consider. His reputation there came from the same source—his manifest sincerity of interest in the people of all types with whom he was brought into contact.

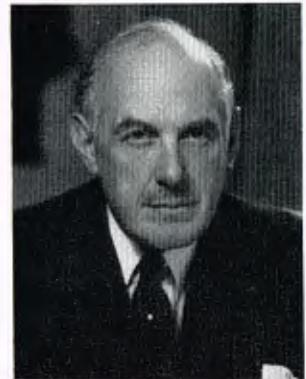
This is not an appropriate occasion to write of the part he has played in the technical development of Billingham—that can be done elsewhere; but I would like here to thank him for all the human traits he has displayed which helped the staffs to work happily together and, in a bigger field, to thank him for all that he has done to assist Billingham to grow and develop to be the important pillar of I.C.I. which it now is.

In the latter years as a director of I.C.I. he has spent quite a large proportion of his time in headquarters at Millbank, and there the field became bigger yet again and he has taken his share in the work of I.C.I. as a whole. Again he worked to understand the many problems that fall to Millbank to deal with and his sympathetic approach will long remain a pleasant memory with us.

I expect that Mrs. Zealley and he will in due time retire to his native Devon, which the song tells us is Devon, glorious Devon. We trust that they will long enjoy life in the water mill that was operated by his father—a combination of industrial practice allied to agricultural pursuits. With the overall dominance of the personal interest, it is the same happy blending of those types of activities which have made Mr. Zealley's service in I.C.I. so helpful to the Company and to us all in our individual spheres.

## NEW I.C.I. DIRECTOR

The Rt. Hon. Viscount Chandos, P.C., D.S.O., M.C., has been appointed an additional director by the Board of I.C.I., and will act as a non-executive director.



Lord Chandos

three times mentioned in despatches.

He was elected M.P. for the Aldershot Division of Hampshire in 1940 and became President of the Board of Trade in the same year. From 1941 to 1942 he was Minister of State and Member of the War Cabinet, and Minister of Production from 1942 to 1945.

Lord Chandos is chairman of Associated Electrical

Industries Ltd. and the British Thomson-Houston Company, and a director of the Alliance Assurance Company.

## I.C.I. BOARD CHANGES

The following changes have taken place on the I.C.I. Board:

*Sir Ewart Smith* has been elected a deputy chairman.

*Mr. C. Paine*, a former chairman of Dyestuffs Division, who was appointed to the Board last December, becomes Development Director in place of *Mr. C. R. Prichard*.

*Mr. C. R. Prichard* becomes Joint Overseas Director (with *Mr. E. A. Bingen*) in place of *Mr. R. C. Todhunter*.

*Mr. R. C. Todhunter* becomes director in charge of Group E (Paints and Plastics) in place of *Mr. P. C. Allen*, who, as already announced, has been appointed Fibres Director (Group F).

*Mr. W. D. Scott* becomes director in charge of Group C (Ammonia and Agriculture) in place of *Mr. A. T. S. Zealley*.

## DIVISION BOARD CHANGES

A number of changes in Division boards have taken place recently.

### BILLINGHAM DIVISION

Following the retirement of *Dr. G. I. Higson*, *Mr. W. J. V. Ward* has been appointed Division Chairman. *Mr. Ward*, who has been Technical Director at Billingham since 1949, has been in the Division since leaving Cambridge in 1926.

The new Technical Director is *Mr. P. Mayne*, chief engineer since 1945 and a member of the Division Board since 1946. He is succeeded as Engineering Director by *Dr. A. M. McKay*, previously Personnel Director.

In place of *Mr. W. D. Scott*, recently appointed to the I.C.I. Board, *Mr. J. W. Kerr* (Commercial Director) and *Mr. D. M. Bell* (Organic Sales Director) have been appointed joint managing directors on the Commercial side.

Two new appointments to the Billingham board have also been made. *Mr. K. H. L. Cooper* (Sales Control manager for fertilizers) becomes Commercial Director, and *Mr. J. A. L. Young* (head of the Pensions and Assistance Funds Department in London) becomes Personnel Director.

### Dyestuffs Division

*Dr. J. Avery*, Joint Managing Director of the Division since 1952, has been appointed chairman in place of *Mr. C. Paine*, who has joined the I.C.I. Board. *Dr. Avery* joined Dyestuffs Division in 1928 and has served it since in various capacities, including, in recent years, Production Manager and Production Director.

*Mr. H. Smith* succeeds *Dr. Avery* as Joint Managing Director (Technical). He has been Production Director

since 1952, a post which is now filled by *Dr. C. R. Mavin*, who was Production Manager.

### Metals Division

*Dr. R. Beeching* has been appointed Division chairman, succeeding *Mr. C. E. Prosser*, who has retired recently.

Since 1953 *Dr. Beeching* has been a vice-president of I.C.I. (Canada) Ltd., with special responsibility for 'Terylene' development. He joined I.C.I. as a member of *Sir Ewart Smith*'s London staff in 1948 and in 1951 was transferred to the 'Terylene' project as a member of the 'Terylene' Council. He went to Canada in 1952.

### Pharmaceuticals Division

*Mr. R. S. Wright* has been appointed Production Director of Imperial Chemical (Pharmaceuticals) Ltd. For the past two years he has been works manager of the Huddersfield Works of Dyestuffs Division. *Dr. C. M. Scott* relinquishes his membership of the delegate board of Imperial Chemical (Pharmaceuticals) Ltd. on being appointed deputy head of the Industrial Hygiene Research Laboratory, The Frythe. He has been with I.C.I. since 1937, when he joined Dyestuffs Division as head of the biological department. He became a director of I.C.I. (P) in 1942.

### Paints Division

In anticipation of the retirement of *Mr. P. H. E. Naylor* on 30th April, *Mr. E. J. Callard* has been made responsible for production jointly with *Mr. Naylor*. He will continue to be Engineering Director.

*Mr. A. Bennett* has been appointed Division Chief Engineer.

### Wilton

*Mr. N. Charlton*, chief accountant at Wilton, has been appointed a member of the Wilton Council. His 20 years' service with I.C.I. has included periods with Treasurer's Department, London, a short spell with Metals Division, and four years with I.C.I. (Egypt) S.A.E.

### Plant Protection Ltd.

*Dr. E. Holmes* has been appointed Technical and Development Director and *Mr. F. Taylor* director in charge of Finance and Overseas.

*Dr. Holmes* joined the agricultural intelligence of Nitram Ltd. in 1928. He was appointed head of the Technical Department of Plant Protection Ltd. in 1940. *Mr. Taylor* joined E. A. White Ltd., forerunner of Plant Protection Ltd., in 1916, and he was appointed secretary and chief accountant of Plant Protection in 1943. Subsequently he was made responsible for the Company's financial and commercial interests on the Continent.

## HEAD OFFICE

### Mr. L. E. Cornford

*Mr. L. E. Cornford* (Safety Department, London) retired at the end of December after 34 years' service with the Company.

He joined Explosives Trades Ltd. in 1920 when the late Mr. Donald Hope and the late Commander H. S. H. Ellis, R.N., were forming an advertising department in Nobel House. He served for many years with Ellis in the renamed Publicity Department. At the outbreak of the last war he went to Witton and acted as a night manager on the Loading Field. Later he became Division Works Relations Officer and started a wall-sheet newspaper for disseminating items of interest to the workers. With the collaboration of *Mr. E. E. Britton*, Division Safety Officer, he applied publicity methods to the safety problem and helped to reduce the accident rate. It was this activity which took him to the Safety Department, London, at the beginning of 1946 to assist all Divisions in safety publicity, which has, among other influences, helped to reduce the accident rate in the Company by at least 60% over the last ten years.

Trained as a technical journalist on *The Field* newspaper, which he joined at the age of 14, he used this experience to perfect his knowledge of advertising and has been for many years a member of the Incorporated Society of Advertisement Consultants. *Mr. Cornford* served for three and a half years in France during World War I with the R.A.M.C. and was invalided out of the Army in 1919.

The knowledge gained by such varied, and sometimes unique, interests has been freely given to anyone interested in the reduction of industrial accidents, and he has travelled all over the Company's works and factories to help safety officers in their work.

Although "L. E." has ceased to be a "daily breeder," he will continue to practise as an evangelist for safety.



Mr. L. E. Cornford

## BILLINGHAM DIVISION

### Floods halt Production at Prudhoe

Workers at Prudhoe Factory had to be rescued by boat when the river Tyne burst its banks in January. The river rose seventeen feet in two hours, and the factory suffered its worst flooding since it was built. Water pouring into the pump house put the pumps out of action and brought production to a standstill for lack of cooling water.

Men who were working to strengthen a protective coffer dam took refuge in the pump house loft when the water cut off their escape route. With them were *Mr. J. M. Boycott*, the works engineer, and *Mr. R. M. P. Hartog*, his deputy. They were all rescued later by *Mr. Bob Thompson*, the general services foreman, who made three trips with the factory's flat-bottomed boat.



Mr. Bob Thompson comforts Prudhoe's pumphouse cat, which also took refuge in the loft. Dotted line shows level reached by water.

The factory was restored to full operation within a few days. By that time Prudhoe was suffering from snow, with drifts on the site three feet deep!

#### **Motoring Book by Engineer**

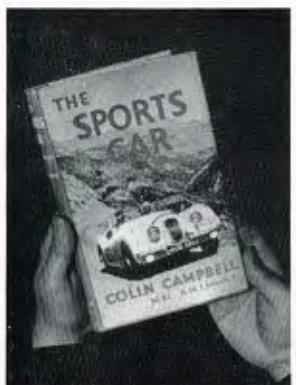
There are more cars on the roads of Britain than ever before, and among them is a growing number of sports cars owned by enthusiasts who like fast motoring. Most enthusiasts who own a sports car have some technical knowledge; but there is always something more they want to know, and hitherto there has been no comprehensive textbook.

Now there is: it has been written by Mr. Colin Campbell, who is a plant engineer on Nitrates Section at Bellingham. He is an enthusiast himself, and his big open 1932 Invicta, kept in immaculate condition,

is a familiar sight in the factory.

Cars and car engines have been his hobby, and his first insight into them was in his father's garage at Darwen in Lancashire. After gaining his degree he worked on research and the design of engines at Bristol and Farnborough, with a special interest in engine tuning.

His book, *The Sports Car*, is well written and well



Mr. Campbell's book

illustrated with diagrams, and while some of it is too technical for the average owner there is a great deal in it from which even he can learn.

Mr. Campbell draws many interesting conclusions from the most successful designs, and if a car owner wonders why manufacturers do things differently this book will tell him. The sports car is almost a specialist conception, but this book shows how cars in general benefit from the experiences of those who produce cars for high-speed motoring. But certainly the sports car owner should not be without a copy.

In competition in America English sports cars do extremely well, and 500 copies of the book have already gone into the American market.

#### **DYESTUFFS DIVISION**

##### **Foreman Pensioner's Award**

Mr. Arthur George Pengilley, a Huddersfield Works' pensioner, received the British Legion's highest honour at their last annual dinner, when he was presented with the Legion's gold badge in recognition of his 33 years' service to the organisation.

Known universally as George, Mr. Pengilley was a foreman in the betanaphthol plant for many years before he retired on pension in 1946. He is the holder of the D.C.M. and bar and the M.M. and is an indefatigable worker for the British Legion. For the past ten years he has been secretary of the Huddersfield branch.

##### **A Beating from Sir Robert**

Professor Sir Robert Robinson, O.M., F.R.S., the famous chemist, visited the Blackley Recreation Club recently to give a simultaneous chess display. Sir Robert, who was elected president for 1955 of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is a consultant to the Division and makes regular visits to Hexagon House for discussions and conferences on research matters.

Altogether there were twenty-one opposing players, so Sir Robert was set a difficult task despite the fact that he was at one time county champion of Oxfordshire. He has not played much chess in recent years, but he tackled his opponents with a zest and fire which would have been complimentary to a very much younger man and completed the display with a score of 11-10 in his favour—a great achievement in view of the strength with which he was confronted.

There were very few short games, and it was nearly 8.30 p.m. before his first opponent succumbed. Two



Mr. A. G. Pengilley



Sir Robert Robinson (left) gives a simultaneous chess display at Blackley

hours later all but half a dozen games were decided, but it was not until 11.30 p.m. that this last game finished in a draw. During this time he had played no fewer than 800 moves and had walked over half a mile round a close circle of chess boards; it is evident that a display of this nature calls not only for mental powers above the ordinary but also for considerable physical powers of endurance.

Mr. J. D. Rose (Division Research Director) and Mr. G. S. J. White (Division Technical Service Director) were among those who watched the early stages of the event.

#### **GENERAL CHEMICALS DIVISION**

##### **Decoration for T.A. Service**

Mr. W. H. Dixon, a greaser at Cassel Works, was awarded the M.B.E. in the New Year Honours List in recognition of his 41 years' service in the Territorial Army. Until recently he was a battery sergeant-major in 426 Durham Coast Regiment, R.A. (T.A.).

During the first world war he served in France with a Royal Artillery siege battery, and in the last war he served in Britain as a regimental sergeant-major.

Mr. Dixon was a well-known Rugby player in his younger days, and played for Durham County and as a forward with the Hartlepool Rovers and Hartlepool Old Boys clubs.



Mr. W. H. Dixon

#### **METALS DIVISION**

##### **Master Marksman**

News of his retirement from the Ammunition Sales Department spotlights once more the remarkable record of one of Britain's best-known marksmen—Mr. Arthur Traies.

Mr. Traies's shooting career began with a record, made at school under Ashburton Shield conditions, which remained unbroken for forty years, but he really hit the headlines in 1928 when he earned at Bisley the title of National Small-bore Champion of Great Britain. Since then his list of shooting successes has grown so extensive that we can do no more than quote examples from it: European Small-bore Champion, Berlin 1929; King's Hundred, Bisley 1930; Open Grand Aggregate winner, Bisley 1925, Southport 1928, Oban 1934 (record) and Surrey 1946; record score in Queen Alexandra Cup (1928), unbroken for twenty years. A member of over forty international teams, Mr. Traies has shot for Britain in Berlin, Granada, Rome and Helsinki; he served as adjutant to the Olympic shooting teams in 1948 and 1952 and captained the British team versus U.S.A. and Canada in 1949 and 1950.

Mr. Traies has also earned national recognition as an administrator; he is a member of the Council of the National Small-bore Rifle Association and of many other administrative and executive committees. A founder member, he was largely responsible for reviving in 1945 the City of Birmingham Rifle Club—the most successful club in the country—of which he is now vice-president, and he has also served since its inception as hon. secretary of the Warwickshire Small-bore Rifle Association.

##### **Director Retires**

Captain W. E. Smith of the Metals Division board retired at the end of 1954 after 34 years' service with the Company.

A barrister by profession, Captain Smith joined Kynoch Ltd. in 1920 and has served continuously ever since. He was secretary of the Metals Division companies for eighteen years and was appointed to the Division board in 1942. From 1943 until he retired Capt. Smith was the Division director responsible for Lightning Fasteners Ltd.



Mr. A. Traies



Capt. W. E. Smith

## NOBEL DIVISION

### Dr. A. G. White

At the end of December Dr. A. G. White, a joint managing director of Nobel Division, retired after more than 40 years' service. During that time he made great contributions to the well-being of Nobel Division in research, development and manufacture.

Dr. White's career with Nobels Explosives Co. began in 1914, when he joined Research Department. He remained with the department until July 1945, when his energy was transferred to other Nobel Division work.

Dr. White, whose qualifications include the M.Sc. and D.Sc. degrees, added much to explosives technology, and he was an acknowledged expert on his subject. For many years he served on the Explosives in Mines Research Committee, and at the last meeting of that committee the chairman, Sir Reginald Thomas, referred to the valuable services Dr. White had given over many years.



Dr. A. G. White (left) receives the Company's retirement gift from Dr. James Taylor

In research he did pioneering work which had important results in manufacture, and during the war years his ability was of tremendous service to the country.

Dr. White was appointed a director of Nobel Division in 1942, and simultaneously he was a joint manager of Research Department. He left Research Department in 1945 and became Nobel Division director responsible for production, with control also of Technical Service and Development Departments.

Some three years later he was appointed senior director of the 'Ardil' project, and at that time was giving special attention to the new Misk project at Ardeer.

He was appointed a managing director of Nobel Division in 1951, and gave most of his time to 'Ardil.' He moved his home to Dumfries, and there he worked vigorously on 'Ardil' protein fibre development.

### Champion Canary

Mr. J. Muir, boiler fireman at Westquarter Factory, has been adding to his triumphs with canaries. Mr. Muir

keeps the Norwich variety, and has had successes in the past.

On 12th and 13th November last year he exhibited at the City of Glasgow Ornithological Association's 94th championship show. He won the Christie Silver Cup for the best old bird bred by exhibitor and ringed SPC. In addition he obtained four special awards with the same exhibit.

At Linlithgow on 11th December he won a first, second and third prize and a special award for the best opposite sex. Later at the Bo'ness and District Cage Bird Society show he won the Best Champion Norwich award (along with a rosette and a miniature shield), and he won three other specials also with the same champion bird which gained the Christie Silver Cup.

Most recently, on 1st and 3rd January, he won second prize with this Norwich canary at the Scottish National Cage Bird Society's 41st open championship show in Edinburgh. For another entry he obtained a highly commended award.

The Norwich canary which has had so many successes is the same bird which attracted and won prizes at shows in previous seasons.

Now, with exhibitions over for a time, Mr. Muir is preparing for next season's competitions, and he is pairing off his breeding birds. Altogether he has eight pairs, and from them he hopes to get further champions. In particular, he hopes that from his champion bird some of the winning characteristics will be handed on to the young birds still to be born which should become show canaries later in their lives.

## 'TERYLENE' COUNCIL

### Press visits Wilton 'Terylene' Plant

A large Union Jack made of 'Terylene' flew from the top of the power station at Wilton when nearly a hundred journalists from the technical, trade and daily press of Britain and overseas countries and from the B.B.C. visited the new 'Terylene' plant on 19th January.



Mr. J. R. Whinfield shows a 'Terylene' tie to journalists at Wilton

The plant had started to come into production a few days before the visit took place—true to the forecast made when work began on the site in May 1952 that production would begin at the turn of the year 1954-5. When it is in full operation later this year it will be producing 'Terylene' filament yarn and staple fibre in equal proportions at the rate of 11,000,000 lb. a year. A second unit, scheduled to be in production in a year's time, will double this capacity.

The journalists were welcomed by Dr. A. Caress, chairman of the 'Terylene' Council. Then in small parties they were conducted round the 'Terylene' plant and shown all

### WHAT THEY SAID

#### A selection of press comments on the Wilton 'Terylene' plant

"A further example of the remarkable speed at which new discoveries are developed to the point of sale by the biggest chemical company in the country."—*Middlesbrough Evening Gazette*.

"To anyone accustomed to the older sections of the textile industry the high degree to which automatic handling has been developed is perhaps the most striking feature of the plant."—*Manchester Guardian*.

"In the North Riding of Yorkshire, between the Tees and the Cleveland Hills, sheep nibble at whatever grass they can find under the covering of snow; but they may be forgiven if they munch a little moodily. For they can overlook, if they wish, a plant which has so far cost £10m. and is designed to produce, through a myriad of pipes and reactors, a synthetic fibre with much the same properties as the wool the sheep grow naturally on their backs."—*The Times*.

"Vast enterprise which has grown from a single thread."—*Yorkshire Post*.

"The beginnings of another great industry. . . . A welcome addition to Yorkshire."—*Yorkshire Observer*.

"'Terylene' is destined to make a major contribution to the textile history of this country, and indeed the world. . . . The auguries are favourable to a stimulating degree."—*Textile Weekly*.

phases of production, starting with the intake of raw materials and finishing with the packing of filament yarn and staple fibre for delivery to customers.

Back at Wilton Castle they saw an exhibition of garments and industrial products made from 'Terylene'—a small-scale exhibition only, since a full-scale one is to be held in London at the end of March.

## I.C.I.A.N.Z.

### Chairman opens Research Station

A new biological research station costing £A.80,000 was opened by Dr. Alexander Fleck, Chairman of I.C.I., during his recent visit to Australia.

The station, called Merrindale, is the first privately operated biological research laboratory of its kind in Australia. It is situated about twenty miles from Melbourne in 140 acres of undulating country at the foot of the Dandenong hills. It was once a medium-size farm, but it is now dominated by a laboratory building and administrative block, and outbuildings which have been modernised and enlarged to house an animal husbandry section.

The head of the new establishment is Mr. F. J. D. Thomas, who was formerly deputy head and chief entomologist of I.C.I.'s Hawthorndale laboratories in England. The initial staff numbers 25, of whom half are specialist graduates.

In his speech at the opening ceremony Dr. Fleck said that Merrindale was a new child fathered by Australian



Sir Ian Clunies-Ross cracks a joke at the opening of Merrindale Research Station, to the delight of Mr. E. Sorensen, Dr. Alexander Fleck and Mr. K. G. Begg

needs and born of good stock. Just as every new chemical compound discovered by I.C.I. was tested at Hawthorndale for its potentialities in agriculture, the establishment of Merrindale meant that I.C.I. discoveries might now be tried and tested under Australian conditions. He felt that many benefits to Australia must accrue.

Senator J. A. Spicer, representing the Prime Minister of Australia, welcomed Merrindale as the first private institute of its kind in Australia. Sir Ian Clunies-Ross spoke as chairman of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation, and said that I.C.I. spent twice as much each year on research as the Australian Commonwealth did through the C.S.I.R.O. He was happy that I.C.I. and I.C.I.A.N.Z. would be beside the C.S.I.R.O. in witnessing and taking part in the expansive developments of the next decade.

## I.C.I. (FRANCE)

### Christmas Party

In common with I.C.I. Divisions at home, I.C.I. (France) S.A. hold an annual Christmas party. This year they decided to follow an old British tradition and have a laugh at themselves.

Members of the staff, with their wives or husbands, were first entertained to a French version of "Bluebeard and his Eight Wives." This was followed by an office



*A scene from I.C.I. (France)'s Christmas party sketch*

farce in two acts, written by a member of the staff. The subject was an enormous order from a customer which turned out in the end to be merely a request for a sample. Several members of the staff took part, and everyone came in for a little leg-pulling, including the home organisation, which had, of course, "supply difficulties."

The evening ended with games and general dancing, but British tradition was not followed to the extent of serving tea. Champagne is so much better!

## I.C.I. (NEW YORK)

### Mr. K. W. Palmer appointed President

Mr. K. W. Palmer has been appointed a director and president of I.C.I. (New York). He takes the place of Mr. R. T. Holder, who was appointed chairman in succession to Mr. J. L. Armstrong.

Mr. Palmer has been on the chairman's staff in London since 1953. Before that he was a member of Dyestuffs Division. He was the first manager of the Nylon Works, which he had helped to design and build.

## I.C.I. (PAKISTAN)

### New Head Office

The new head office of I.C.I. (Pakistan) at 23-4 West Wharf, Karachi, was officially opened at the end of the year by Mr. H. I. Rahimtoola, Commerce Minister of the Government of Pakistan.

The new building was planned on the now well-established I.C.I. principle of having offices and warehouses on the same site. Situated near the docks and



*Mr. H. I. Rahimtoola (with hat) at the opening of the new Head Office of I.C.I. (Pakistan)*

served by both road and rail approaches, it comprises a range of godowns specially designed for different purposes and 30,000 square feet of office accommodation.

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### OUR NEXT ISSUE

It is sometimes said that foremen are born, not made. This may be true or not, but what is sure is that the best of foremen are the better for proper training. In this field Billingham Division, with their courses for potential foremen and refresher courses for established foremen, are among the leaders, and a write-up of their methods by Michael Danckwerts, News Editor of the *Magazine*, leads the April issue.

Next we have two features with colour illustrations. In the first Mr. P. J. M. Aston of Estates Department, Alkali Division, describes his tour of Yugoslavia last summer by motorcycle, a trip in which he covered nearly 3500 miles. In the second Mr. A. R. Donald, Research Works general foreman at Billingham, tells what it is like to be a radio ham—that is to say, to operate an amateur short-wave transmitter. His article is illustrated with reproductions of cards received in many languages from other hams the world over.

Lastly, there is a rather unusual article. Mr. A. R. Lea writes about his experiences as an 'Alfloc' sales representative, curing water of its propensity to cause scaling in boilers. An unlikely subject for an article, you may say, but it is one that rings the bell.

# A Day in Majorca

By Joan Brown (Salt Division)

*Illustration by A. R. Whitear*

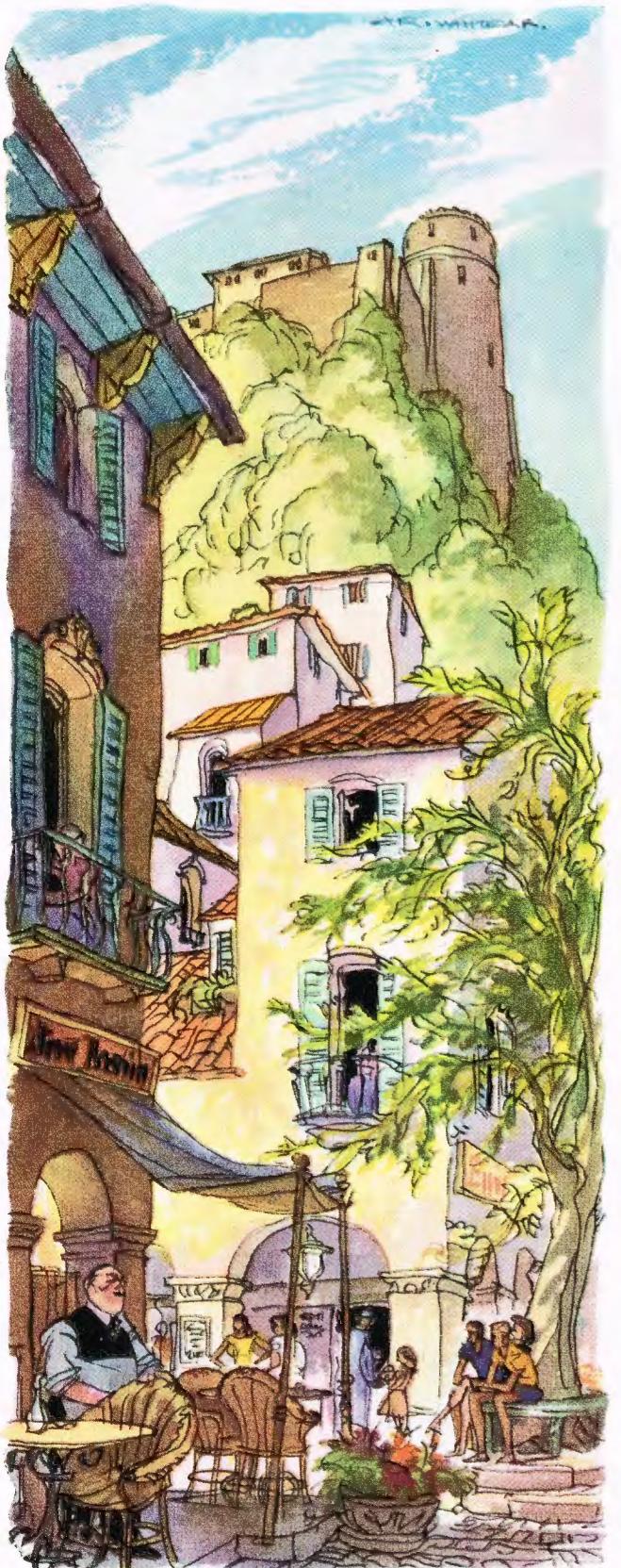
Graham and Murray which I shall remember long after the snapshots have faded.

We stepped out into a narrow street, and I caught my first glimpse of the Mediterranean, an incredibly lovely shade of blue. At the end of the street we entered a large square called Plaza de Gomila, surrounded on three sides by shops and night clubs. Our first stop was at a small souvenir store, where my friends insisted that I buy some rope sandals for climbing and the beach. Murray the American spoke good Spanish, so we had no difficulty in selecting and buying our choice. We came out again into the brilliant sunshine and made our way back to the plaza, where we sat on a stone seat beneath the friendly shade of a beech tree.

In front of us across the main street was a row of Spanish houses, very gay with tiny terraces and shutters painted vivid shades of green. They appeared to be precariously perched on top of each other like an unsteady pile of toy bricks, with a castle on the summit lending an air of unreality to the scene. Flowers grew in abundance: there were scarlet hibiscus, oleanders and sweetly scented wistaria, to name just a few. The air was hot but not too hot, for it was still quite early, and there were not many people about. Behind us waiters were setting out basket chairs and a canary sang his heart out for us while we waited for our bus to arrive.

After breakfast, which consisted of a roll, coffee, and a kind of delicious pastry found only in Majorca, I was at a loss to know what to do next. For the first time I began to have misgivings about coming abroad alone. The only other occupant of the lounge was a young man who was so sun-tanned that I thought he must be a Majorcan. Presently he was joined by another young man looking so obviously English that I could scarcely repress a smile of relief. Seeing me, he introduced himself and his friend, who turned out to be a Texan and not a Majorcan after all.

It was their second day in Majorca, and as they were ready to go swimming they invited me to join them. So began a wonderful holiday friendship with



... very gay with tiny terraces . . . like an unsteady pile of toy bricks

It stopped with a shudder in front of us, and we saw about twenty to thirty people crowded round the driver as well as standing inside, some hanging on to the car by half a foot and an arm thrust round a neighbour's neck. Another ten passengers clambered on board (though how they succeeded we shall never know), the conductor blew his whistle, and the tram with its heavy cargo swaying from side to side disappeared along the dusty road. Then, as if the tram were a signal, the town awoke, taxis hooted and dashed backwards and forwards, bicycle bells played little tunes, people came from everywhere—laughing, chattering Majorcans, the men with their donkey carts trundling towards Palma, the women with baskets filled with fruit and vegetables for the hotels, and the tourists going nowhere in particular.

At last our bus arrived, and we boarded it with amusement mingled with relief at leaving behind us the ever-increasing clamour. As the bus drew away from the town the road became steeper and twisted unendingly along the coast. On each side were white-walled houses surrounded by gardens filled with cactus plants and fig palms, and as we climbed higher we could see the Mediterranean, shimmering and dancing beneath the sun, the curve of the bay stretching mistily out to sea and the ships lying still in the sheltered harbour.

After half an hour we reached the terminus at a place called Ca's Catala, and from here we began a three-mile walk to the beach. It must have been about eleven, for we were beginning to feel the heat penetrating our clothes. The sky was a clear blue, the scent of flowers hung on the air, and the birds chorused as we passed along. It was too much for us so we joined in and sang for the rest of the way. Already Majorca had taken a hold on us.

We seemed to have walked for hours, the road now nothing more than a narrow track with forests of pine on one side and a sheer drop to a rocky coast on the other. Each time we turned a corner we expected to see the beach. Murray had stopped singing and was beginning to show signs of a fraying temper when unexpectedly as we rounded the next bend—and there it was. We stopped in our tracks, heat and temper forgotten, each arrested by the loveliness of the tiny bay.

Below us the cliffs sloped to the sea, studded with tall pines through which we could glimpse the bay nestling like a small piece of paradise, white sands reaching down to a turquoise lagoon, waves murmuring

as they met the shore and a slender yacht riding gracefully at anchor. Further out the sea took on a deep sapphire hue, and the sun sparkled and danced like a living being. We scrambled down as quickly as we could, stumbling in our haste to get to the bottom. In the centre of the beach was a small store with a thatched roof and a hut where we could change.

We were ready in less than two minutes and raced each other to the water's edge. How cool and refreshing it was! We swam and dived from the rocks, tried to catch fish with our hands, and generally had a wonderful time. Graham picked himself a large rock and established himself like Neptune, adamantly refusing us permission to land unless we produced a visa, so we cascaded water over him until he surrendered. When we grew tired we swam back to the shore and sunbathed and slept till afternoon.

After a very late lunch we strolled up to the Plaza. It was much busier than in the morning and there were people of many nations drinking and talking around us—loud, boisterous Americans whose one object seemed to be to let everyone know they were there, vivacious French girls gesticulating to each other as they talked, ogling Spaniards eyeing anything and everything that passed in a skirt, staid English couples sipping gingerly at a mild sherry, and many others of varying nationality. If you wished to draw the waiter's attention, instead of calling or beckoning as we do in England you clapped your hands twice, rather as the Eastern potentate summons his slave girls. Barefooted brown-eyed children darted in and out among our chairs, collecting bottle tops or broken straws.

That night we went to a not too expensive club on the opposite side of Palma. We stepped out of our taxi in front of a neon-lighted doorway, the interior glowing with pink-shaded lights, and passed through a beaded curtain into the club. This could only be described as a large garden, with chairs and tables set round a dance floor. An orchestra at one end played wonderful Latin-American dances, while a mirrored cocktail bar did a very good trade at the other. We chose a table next to the floor and ordered drinks. From then until twelve-thirty we danced mambos, rhumbas, tangos and waltzes. Could that orchestra play? It was heaven! None of us had danced in the open air before, and we found it altogether different and delightful.

At twelve-thirty the floor show began. On came a hefty señora in a black and red dress with a tightly

fitted bodice practically bursting at the seams and a skirt a mass of wide frills. She had a mass of black hair pinned back with a white rose. It reminded one of a burst patch in a horsehair sofa. At her heels was a young fellow in black tights and jacket with a gaucho hat, also in black. We immediately christened them Momma and Son.

Bows taken, action started. Sonny placed one hand on his bosom and opened his mouth, emitting such a wail of anguish that we thought he must be in terrible pain. A few minutes of wailing and sobbing and the light dawned—Sonny was singing! Then Momma danced. What a pair! She slunk up to him, gazed ravenously into his eyes, then backed away. He followed at a safe distance, she waggled her hips seductively (or so she thought), his mouth dropped open, out came the awful wail; she turned, hitting him in the chest with her shoulder, he fell back a pace, started tearing his hair; the wail increased; he dropped on one knee; she did a war dance round him, he rose to his feet holding out his arms, she flung her hair forward, blinding him; undaunted he came on, he'd lost his hat, she'd lost her rose, she didn't care, her skirt came up and she did a can-can, he bit his fingernails, tears flowed down his cheeks.

Give him a hanky, someone! Pain racked his body, the throat-catching wail was worse; back she came, slunk round him again, he slunk round her, out came the castanets, she tore her hair, screaming silently at him, castanets went back in his pocket. He caught her by the waist, she fell in his arms, he dropped her, picked up the rose with his teeth and handed it to her with a flourish; they bowed, and the dance was over. Walking off the floor he got his feet entangled and fell flat on his face. We cheered like mad, yelling for an encore. The floor show over, we continued dancing until three, then we left the club and caught a taxi back to the Plaza.

Nothing stirred as we strolled back to the pension. The heavens were sequined with millions of stars, the moon casting a silver lustre on everything it touched, and the night air heavy with the perfume of wistaria. In the days to come I was to see my first bullfight, meet celebrities like Ann Todd, and revel in the fascination, colour and gaiety of this sun-drenched island. But that all lay ahead, and this was the end of the first perfect day. Beauty and peace walked hand in hand over the island as Cinderella and her two Prince Charmings crept quietly home—and so to bed.



*"Spanish Village"*

*Photo by Miss Joan I. Masters (Hawthorndale Laboratories)*